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1945-06-01, Jack to Evabel

Jack P. Bell

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1945-06-01, Jack to Evabel

Keywords

U.S.A.; U.S. Soldiers; correspondence; Infantry; postal service; postal stamp; envelope; wife; husband; women at home; romance; homesickness; post-war hopes; Bad Wildungen, Germany; typed letter; motion pictures; sex; tobacco; automobile; comradery; food

Identifier

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L. John P. Bell 35052495
78th Signal Co. AP878
c/o PM New York, N.Y.



VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

Bad Wildungen, Germany
June 1, 1945

Darling lover,

I didn't do so good at mail call this evening. Just one beat up Oberlin Times, and an April one at that. Anyway I have all these letters I got the other day, and I like to read them over and over so I'll last till I get some more.

Nothing new or exciting has happened since I wrote you last nite, honey. Made a short trip in the truck today. This hilly country is really pretty.

June is here allready. Time sure does fly, doesn't it? Not as fast as I'd like it to tho' sweetie. This is the month that nine years ago I met my little sweetheart. It doesn't seem that long ago at all does it darling, and yet it seems as if there was never a time that I didn't know you. Sure hope that next year at this time I can be home so we can celebrate together. Remember last year when we went to Kenbridge, and saw "Snow White" It seems that time we don't spend together is just something to be existed thru until we can be together again. I'm such a happy kid when I'm with my sweet little wife. You are my lovely cuddler, and my cuddly lover.

Yes, darling I'd like to hear you singing that little song to me. "Oh you jumped into bed, and covered up your head." You'd be very glad I could find you, Wouldn't you, lover? It's going to be so wonderful to do our home work again, darling. I'll be pestering you so much, honey you wont have a moment to yourself. How wonderful it will be to kiss all your sweet dimples. I'll just eat those delicious raspberries up. Youre such a wonderful lover, honey. I'm in paradise when I hold you in my arms. I wish I could put into words just how dear you are to me, and how much I love you, sweetheart, but I guess that is something that a dictionary can't help me out on. It's something that a person feels, isn't it, sweetie? Something that I see when I look into your eyes. Your eyes are so beautiful, darling, and when I see your love for me in them I hope mine show you my love for you, precious. It's going to be such a wonderful future together, baby dear even better than before if that is possible. I just want to spend my whole life doing things for you, and making you happy.

There are so many little things we used to do that stand out in my mind. Like when I used to come home for lunch at noon. It seemed so good to be able to see you in the middle of the day. If I had my way, and didn't have to work, 24 hours a day wouldn't be enough to be with you, lover. Then when I'd come home in the afternoon you were allways dressed up real sweet, and you're such a cutie. I'd give you a big hug and kiss, and then you'd dish up our supper. You're a wife, lover, pal and everything all rolled up into one, sweetheart, and the best that ever was or ever will be.

My wrist watch quit running about six weeks ago- main spring, I think. So if I can round up a little box one of these days I'm going to send it to you along with those wooden shoes, and you can take it down to Vic's and have it fixed if you will, honey. One of the pins that hold the strap went kaput on the boat coming over from the states, and I cut a new one out of a safety pin, and stuck it thru' there so I'd like some new pins, and a new strap too. Then I'll have a good looking little timepiece again. How is the other Elgin running, honey. You know, darling that's the best looking watch I've ever seen anywhere. You allways pick such good gifts, sweetie.

I'm doing fine on cigarettes. I wish the people at home could get more, but the situation will probably straighten out before long. I'm glad you're not having too much trouble getting groceries, honey. This damn war sure makes a mess of things.

It sure would be nice to be home these nice days, and I could scrub that little car up for you so it would shine like a niggers heel. If we come back to the states I'm going to get that radio fixed for you too. Is it still over at Mom's?

Have you bought any of your new clothes for your new figure yet, honey. Tell me all about them when you do. Your new hat sounds plenty yummy. Wish I could see you in it. You are so good to look at when you get dressed up, sweetie. You're number one on my list of best dressed women. When you used to get dressed to go to club you allways looked so good I'd wish you were going to stay home instead.

I'm glad you have a girl come in to clean the house. It's too much for you on top of your work at the shop. You take such good care of the little place it's a pleasure just to step in the door and see everything shine.

Ida hasn't bought a car yet, has she? She really drives some nice ones around. If I worked in a place like that I believe I'd just drive a differer car every week and forget about buying one. Does Pa still have Phil's Packard? Remember how Ben used to take a ride once in a while?

I understand they have a pretty good laundry setup here. O. D. slacks and shirt washed and pressed for two bits. We don't wear sun tans over here. I allways liked them too.

Do you see any of the old gang around? I suppose most of the girls are working now.

Guess that's about all I know for now, darling. All my love, and millions of hugs and kissed.

Yours allways,

Jack

[[Bell Correspondence #14]]

[[Page 1-Envelope Front]]

[[image- red six cents Air Mail U.S. Postage Stamp]]

Pvt. John P. Bell 35052495
78th. Signal Co. A.P.O. 78
C/o P.M. New York, N.Y.

[[image- black stamp: U.S.A. POSTAL
SERVICE JUNE 2 1945 78]]

VIA AIR MAIL

Mrs. Jack Bell
345 W. River St.
Elyria, Ohio

[[Note: Because the letter is typed and not handwritten no transcription was needed.]]

[[Bottom of Letter-Page 2; underlined signature:]] Jack